

POOR JUDGE PARKER.

(By William Marion Reedy in St. Louis Mirror.)

Unendurably, dismally dull is Judge Parker's letter accepting the Democratic nomination for President. His ponderosity is not even vivified by the personal force which redeems the same quality in most of Mr. Cleveland's utterances. Judge Parker says nothing in the most "solemn-choly" fashion imaginable. His platform is that he is against everything the Republicans have done, except the establishment of the gold standard. He is opposed to imperialism, to the encroachment of the executive upon the constitution, he is for the tariff and the trusts, but, oh, how gingerly he treads his pathway! He qualifies his antagonisms until they evaporate. He his "weasel words" galore to suck the life out of every proposition. Wholly he evades the race issue at home, knowing that the race issue isn't an issue in the North, where he must look for votes. His letter, compared with President Roosevelt's is "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine." Oh, yes, it's a dignified document, all right. So dignified that not one reader in ten can stay awake and peruse its prosings to the end. The letter simply intensifies the flatness of the campaign. It is a wet blanket on whatever enthusiasm existed for Parker anywhere. There is no ring to it, no stir in it, no red corpuscle element. They say that while and where there's life, there's hope. Alas for Judge Parker, his letter has no life, and he can have no hope.

Judge Parker has no chance to win. This is practically conceded at the Democratic headquarters in New York. There, the feeling is that the Democrats may carry New York, but will lose the country at that. The management isn't getting in any money. Even the jejune Gassaway hasn't coughed up as was anticipated. The news from Indiana and Illinois is bad. Sulking is general in the silverite or Bryan states. Even in Missouri the reliance of the party is that the gubernatorial candidate will save the state's electoral vote to Parker. Mr. Bryan is not doing as much as it was thought he would do. Tom Watson's riddlement of the Democratic platform and candidate is being used effectively by the Republicans with the silver men. Indeed, Watson bids fair to resurrect Populism in the South and West. From all parts of the country comes the story that there is no interest in Parker and Davis, that the people like Roosevelt. About all the strength Parker has, apparently, is with the Brahmin caste in New England, in the office of the New York Evening Post, in the Solid South, and in Hill's uncountrified following in New York State. That cannot help him. There isn't enough of it. Worst of all for Parker is the listlessness of the business and speculative world. It was supposed to be afraid of Roosevelt. It was more afraid of Bryan. When Bryan was put down at St. Louis, business was relieved. Wall street didn't care then how things went. It naturally fell back upon its natural political affiliation with the Republicans. Wall street doesn't care much for Roosevelt, but it trusts Roosevelt's party, and whatever the Democratic party may say in its platform, there is no certainty that firebrands will not appear, and no assurance that however Parker stands now, he would not "go with his party" in some crazy crisis, just as he stuck to regularity on silver in 1896. Besides, it took wild horses to drag the gold telegram out of Parker after he was nominated. It was Joseph Pulitzer's hammering that Parker must declare himself for gold that forced Parker to do this. Parker, therefore, is not quite so "safe and sane" in business men's opinion as party leaders would have us believe, and every time the "safe and sane" cry goes up the Democratic leaders who were with Bryan feel the implication and insinuation against their mentality.

Judge Parker is not satisfactory even to the forces that put him up. The great New York Democratic papers have a querulous undertone in their editorials in his favor. They think he is "playing the dignity racket too strong." They want him to do something to wake things up. They don't like the apathy which Parker seems to radiate upon the campaign manager. Parker's speech is worse than his silence. His letter doesn't give the party any rallying cry. His career as a candidate doesn't afford live matter for comment. His personality doesn't make any headway. Politically he is a "wax figger," and nothing else can be made of him. There is nothing to say about Parker except that he lives in a nice spot and has a red-polled bull Peter and a trained sow. On the other hand, with Roosevelt not saying much or doing much, Roosevelt is more in the minds and on the lips of Democrats than Parker.

Roosevelt dominates both parties. His opponents are even more directed in their movements by his words and deeds than are his followers. Egad, if it were not for Roosevelt there'd be no issue for the Democrats, since they seem to approve all that McKinley did, and to object only to the McKinley policy because Roosevelt carried it out after McKinley's death. Roosevelt stays quiet—and it must be hard work—but since Parker's letter, there seems no use in saying anything. It is no answer at all to Roosevelt's challenge to the Democracy to state specifically where it would overturn what has been done or change the policy of government now in force. Still, Roosevelt shouldn't be muzzled. The people have some rights in this campaign, or right, at least, to a thrill or a whooping up now and then. Parker can't give it, but Roosevelt can. Too funereal is the campaign. There's no fun in it. Roosevelt is the person we all look to for a little excitement. He has the capacity to interest us, even when he is quiet, but as most of us are going to vote for him, even though he is to have almost a walk-over, he should—and I would not speak disrespectfully of the president—come out and do some little characteristic writing or talking "stunt" that would sound or look like giving us "a run for our money."

A MATTER OF DEFINITIONS.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

To charge that the President of the United States is so reckless and unscrupulous that he means, if elected, to grasp Mexico, the West Indies, Central America and South America, and consolidate all in one huge American empire—that is moderate and proper political discussion. "The candidate is the issue."

To recite, with scrupulous moderation, the historic facts concerning the entry into public life of the opposing candidate—facts that no man disputes or dare dispute—that is "mud-throwing!"

To mention that his first political friends and creators were the ballot-box stuffers of Stony Hollow and Jockey Hill; that his debut as a political manager was, while a surrogate judge, as the State chairman for and personal representative of David B. Hill, who in gratitude made him a Supreme Court justice; and that, when he needed a close friend to intrust with his bid to Bryanites for the Chief Judgeship of the Court of Appeals on the ground that he had voted for Bryan, he chose as such confidential representative the election thief Danforth—to mention these undisputed and indisputed facts, it seems according to the horrified Democratic organs, is "mud-slinging."

Well, shivering souls, if those facts imply "mud," then that is the sort of "mud" your candidate Hyes in. You invoke in vain a cast-off judicial robe to hide it. "The candidate is the issue."

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